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ANDREW JOHNSON.

Eulogy Pronounced in the House by Mr. McFarland.

In the House, Representative McFarland spoke as follows:

Mr. Speaker the duty devolves on me, as the Representative of the first congressional district of Tennessee, to announce to the House the death of a distinguished citizen of Tennessee, whose home, from his first appearance in that State in 1826 to the day of his death, was in the congressional district I now have the honor to represent in this House. I allude to the death of the Hon. Andrew Johnson, late a Senator from Tennessee, Ex-President of the United States, and for ten years a member of this House, which occurred at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Brown, in Carter county, Tennessee, on the morning of the 31st of July last.

Mr. Johnson was called to his final account and closed his connection with time and earthly things without that protracted sickness and suffering which give premonition of approaching dissolution. He was stricken with paralysis a day or two previous to his death, and almost as soon as his sickness was known the melancholy tidings were flashed to the most distant parts of our country that Andrew Johnson was dead. Not to our country only, but to the whole civilized world abroad, was the sad intelligence carried with lightning speed that the "Great Commoner" was no more.

His remains were interred on a lofty eminence west of the town of Greeneville, a spot selected by himself commanding an extended view of the surrounding country, and there amid those mountain heights all that is mortal of Andrew Johnson is crumbling into dust. The voice that has been so often heard in this Chamber is silenced forever. The form that was so familiar in these halls has disappeared, and will be seen no more. Shrouded in the flag of his country, beneath the shadow of which he fought the great political battles of his life, and whose triumphant folds were ever to him an object of adoration which he worshiped with unswerving devotion, far from the din and strife and turmoil of the outer world he quietly sleeps that last, long, peaceful sleep which knows no waking.

Andrew Johnson's career as a public man is the most remarkable and wonderful in all our history, and is perhaps unprecedented in modern times. It cannot be expected in the few brief remarks we are to submit to the House now that justice can be done to Mr. Johnson's public life, or that we can take more than a glance at a few of the prominent facts in his history.

Mr. Johnson was born in Raleigh, North Carolina, on the 29th day of December, 1808. His father died when he was a child, leaving the future statesman to the care of a widowed mother in poverty and obscurity. At ten years of age he was apprenticed to a tailor in his native town. He was then unable to read, and his first effort to learn were made during this apprenticeship. A gentleman read to him some sketches from an old book known as "The American Speaker." These extracts aroused the attention of the poor apprentice and first fired his ambition. He determined and did learn to read them for himself. That book was presented to him, and is still preserved in the library of Mr. Johnson.

In the fall of the year 1826, on the evening of a dark, gloomy day, a two-wheeled cart, drawn by a blind pony, was driven into the village of Greeneville, East Tennessee, from the direction of the mountains of North Carolina. With it were two men and a woman. The younger of the two, who drove the pony, stopped at the house of a citizen whose sons are now living in that town, and asked for forage to feed his horse, which he procured, and then inquired for suitable camping-ground for the night to which he drove and encamped, near where now stands the mansion of the Johnson family. In a little less than forty years from that night that homeless wanderer, then about eighteen years of age, shrouded in obscurity and poverty, a stranger in a strange land, without the rudiments of a common education, camping out under the broad canopy of the heavens in the village of Greenville, became the occupant of the building at the far end of this avenue, and the chief executive officer of a great confederacy of States numbering 40,000,000 of people! That youth was ANDREW JOHNSON. Such was his first appearance in Tennessee, and thus the first night ANDREW JOHNSON passed in Greeneville, which became his future home.

Mr. Johnson established himself in business as a tailor. By his industry, energy, unswerving integrity, and promptness he was successful. As a mechanic, that fidelity to duty and unquestioned honesty which characterized him in every period of his history won for him the confidence and respect of the people, and made him, even then, a power in the community. He was married shortly after he settled in Greeneville, where his widow survives him. She taught him to write; she aided him by her intelligence and instruction in his efforts to acquire the rudiments of an education, and thus laid the foundation of his future greatness. Conscious of his own powers and with unfaltering confidence in himself, identified in interest and sympathy with the laboring masses, he applied himself with untiring industry, under disadvantages of a most extraordinary character, to the acquisition of an education and to preparation for his future wonderful career.

In 1823 he was elected an alderman of the village; was re-elected in 1829 and 1830; and was elected to the office of mayor in 1830. He was appointed a trustee of Rhea Academy about 1831; was elected to the lower house of the Tennessee Legislature in 1835. Being defeated in 1837, he was re-elected in 1839. He was elected State senator in 1841, and a member of this House in 1843, to which position he was re-elected for the four succeeding terms. He was elected Governor of Tennessee in 1853, re-elected in 1855, and in 1857 was chosen as a Senator in Congress from the State of Tennessee for the term ending March 3, 1863; was appointed military governor of Tennessee during the late civil war, in 1862; was a candidate for Vice-President on the ticket with Mr. Lincoln in 1864, to which office he was elected, and an event never to be forgotten in the history of the country, Mr. Johnson, on the 15th of April, 1865, became President of the United States.

Of the events of Mr. Johnson's administration I shall not speak. The history of his administration is now part of the history of the country. Posterity will do him justice. The great statesmen of the past have been called to the administration of public affairs in times of peace, when the ship of state was sailing over a calm, unruffled sea. Mr. Johnson took the helm in the midst of a storm lashed into fury unprecedented in the history of our country by the angry passions, the bitterness, and strife of a long and bloody civil conflict. To say that he committed no errors would be to say that he was more than human. Now that he has passed away none can gainsay the honesty and integrity of Andrew Johnson, or doubt his unwavering fidelity to the great principle of constitutional liberty.

After the close of his term as President, in 1869, Mr. Johnson returned to his home in Tennessee. He became a candidate for Senator, but was defeated. In 1872, at the demand of a large number of his people, he became a candidate for Congress from the State at large, but was for the third time in the whole course of his public life again defeated. In January, 1875, at the demand of the people, he was elected by the Legislature of Tennessee a Senator in Congress for six years. His last and only appearance in that body after his election was at the extra session in March, 1875, and with the close of that session terminated Andrew Johnson's public services.

Such is a brief statement of the public positions held by Mr. Johnson. He was continuously in the public service for almost forty years.

It may be well said that his career was the most wonderful in our history. Who, indeed, was ever like him? Who ever, as he did, proved his honesty, his aims, and his ambitions by conquering for them their indisputable vindication? Taking the history of the three score and seven years of Andrew Johnson, the poverty of his childhood, the neglect of his youth, his humble origin, his growth to manhood without even the rudiments of education, his humble mechanical pursuit, and then looking to his subsequent remarkable career, and we have the outlines of a great man struggling against misfortune, battling against fate, with bitter opposition at every step of his progress, finally conquering every adverse element, and at last elevating himself to the highest position in the Republic.

The poor, uneducated youth became a Senator in Congress, the Governor of a great State, and the Chief Executive of a proud nation; and, dying, has embalmed his memory in the grateful hearts of millions of his countrymen; and, though his form has disappeared, Andrew Johnson lives and will live in the affections of the people while the principles of constitutional liberty are cherished and honesty, integrity, and patriotism, and abilities of the highest order are venerated by man. Of him may be said

These shall resist the empire of decay
When time is o'er and worlds have passed away;
Cold in the dust the perished heart may lie,
But that which warmed it once can never die.

Andrew Johnson was but a man; he had his faults; he committed errors; but, looking to the unfavorable circumstances by which his youth was surrounded, the bitter and continuous political battles in which he was engaged from early life down to his death, the wonder is that he committed so few.

He had his enemies, and his life and history furnishes most striking evidence of the truth of the poet's sentiments:

He who ascends to mountain tops shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow;
He who surpasses or subdues mankind
Must look down on the hate of those below.
Though high above the sun of glory glow,
And far beneath the earth and ocean spread,
Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
Contending tempests on his naked head,
And thus reward the toils which to those summits lead.

But Mr. Johnson had his friends and admirers, who adhered to him through every vicissitude of his political fortunes, and with the laboring masses of the people of the country perhaps no public man of his day had more influence and power than did he. He was one of them; knew their wants, and sympathized with their struggles.

The life of Andrew Johnson is an example of the lasting fame that surely awaits the honest statesman. His unswerving integrity; his bold, independent and candid declaration of his opinion on public questions; his confidence in the people, and the absence of disguise in all his acts were his master-key to the popular heart. The country was never in doubt as to his opinions and purposes, and, victorious or defeated, he remained firm in his belief. In all the contests of his time, his position on great public questions was as clear as the sun in a cloudless sky.

Sirs, standing by the grave of Andrew Johnson, and looking back over the history of his life and considering these things, how insignificant and contemptible appear the labor and ambition of the mere politician! What a reproach is his life on that false policy which would trifle with a great people! If I were to write the epitaph of Andrew Johnson I would inscribe on the stone which shall mark his resting place, as the highest eulogy, "Here lies the man who was in the public service for forty years, who never tried to deceive his countrymen, and died, as he lived, 'an honest man, the noblest work of God.'" While the youth of America should imitate his noble qualities, they may take courage from the example, and note the high proof it affords that under our equal institutions the avenues to the highest positions are open alike to all.

Mr. Johnson rose by the force of his own genius, indomitable will, and untiring energy, unaided by power prestige or wealth. At an age when our young men are usually in pursuit of education at institutions of learning, he in ignorance and poverty, made his way from the "Old North State" toward the West, and amid the rude collisions incident to East Tennessee at that day, commenced his early struggle and in less than fifty years matured a character the highest exhibitions of which were destined to mark eras in his country's history. Beginning in the mountains of East Tennessee in 1826, brought into antagonism with the power, influence, and wealth of old citizens of the country, supported by the consciousness of his own powers and by the confidence of the people, he surmounted all the barriers of adverse fortune and won a glorious name in the annals of his country.

Let the generous youth fired with an honorable ambition remember that our American system of government offers on every hand and opens wide the doors of the most exalted positions and the grandest reward to merit. If, like Andrew Johnson, orphanage, obscurity and poverty shall oppress him; yet, like him, he feels the Promethean spark within, let him remember that his country, like a generous mother, opens wide her arms to welcome every one of her children whose genius may promote her prosperity or add to her renown. Mr. Speaker, I offer the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the House of Representatives of the United States has received with the deepest sensibility and profound sorrow, intelligence of the death of the Hon. Andrew Johnson, late a Senator from the State of Tennessee, ex-President of the United States, and long a member of this body.

Resolved, That the proceedings of this House in relation to the death of the Hon. Andrew Johnson, be communicated to the widow and family of the deceased by the Clerk of this House.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect for the memory of the deceased, this House do now adjourn.

NEGROES HANGED WHO KILLED MEN FOR NINETY CENTS AND A WIFE.

MEMPHIS, TENN., January 7.—Frank Scott, colored, was hanged in the jail yard here to-day at 1:40 p. m. for the murder of Ransom Phipps, an old negro. Scott was about forty years of age, a native of Athens, Ga., and for some time slave of George Reese, of Alabama. The crime for which he suffered was committed on the 24th of December, 1875, on Wolf River Bridge, the two men engaging in a wrangle about 90 cents which Phipps owed Scott. The quarrel ended fatally and Scott was convicted. The Supreme Court, when refusing to grant the murderer a new trial, fixed his execution for Christmas Eve, the anniversary of his crime, but was induced to change the day. Last week he joined the Roman Catholic Church, and has been constantly attended by Franciscan friars and Sisters of Mercy. He steadfastly maintained to the last that he killed Phipps in self-defense. He slept soundly last night, ate a hearty breakfast this morning, and expressed his readiness to die, and appeared quite jovial. He was attended to the scaffold by Friar Aloysius, who had administered the last rites of the Church to him. Some six thousand people, mostly negroes, were congregated in the streets and on the housetops to witness the execution. The gallows, though erected in the jail-yard, was in view of spectators on the adjacent roofs, fences and lumber piles, as well as of the 500 privileged persons specially admitted by ticket. The noose employed had already done service at Memphis and (twice) at Marianna, Arkansas. Scott made a short speech on the scaffold, saying he was convicted on false oaths. In conclusion he said the cords were cutting his arms, and he had rather be hanging. At 1:35 p. m. Sheriff Anderson pulled the lever, and he fell. His neck being broken, he died almost without a struggle.

Billy Williams, another negro, also suffered death at Bartlett, where he should have been hanged on Christmas Eve. He was a good-looking, open-faced mulatto of forty, once a slave in Alabama, and from 1863 to 1869 a resident of Powhatan, Va. On his trial he produced a certificate of his honesty, industry and sobriety during that period from Drs. Henry and William Jervey and Counsellor Jno. Lay. After leaving Virginia he settled in Shelby County as a farmer. His victim, a negro named Joe Fields, he met near his home in a wagon. Attacking him, Williams first stunned him with a club, then finished his work with repeated stabs from a knife. He then obtained the service of Samson Pryor, colored, bound the dead man's hands and feet together, ran a rail through the cords and started for Hatchie River, in which to hide the body. Losing their way they concealed the body in the woods, where it was found a few days afterward. This is the story as established by the trial, which also elicited the presumption that Williams had murdered Fields in order to secure his wife for a mistress. Williams denied his guilt to the last, protesting that his life had been sworn away by enemies. Like Scott he had three trials.

THE RESUMPTION ACT.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 10.—The bill introduced in the House to-day by Mr. Wood, of New York, to repeal in part the resumption act of January, 1876, and provide for a return to specie payments without contraction, proposes to utilize the seven hundred million four per cent. bonds not yet negotiated and remaining in the Treasury as a basis by the issuing of small Treasury notes in lieu of the present legal-tenders and national bank currency. It also provides for the establishing of a sinking fund to be made up of one-half of the surplus coin revenues in each fiscal year after providing for the coin expenditures, and also one per cent. of the interest on redeemed four per cent. bonds called in, in lieu of the small Treasury notes issued as a redemption fund for the resumption of specie payments. It also provides for the suspension of the present sinking fund until resumption shall have been accomplished, and contains various provisions for the better regulation of the finances of the Government.

GRANT HAS HIS RAY.

After Representatives Fort and Cason had been serenaded last night for the interest manifested by them for Union soldiers in the bestowal of office and emoluments, as expressed in the resolution offered by them in the House of Representatives, those comprising the procession proceeded to the White House, and a committee informed the President of their object. He appeared on the front portico, amid cheers, and said he was very glad to meet them and gave assurance that his heart beat in sympathy with theirs, and he would do all in his power for Union soldiers. Several of those who lost their places under the recent organization of the House have already been provided with office, and others, it is said, are to be cared for in the same way.

NO PARDON FOR STOKES.

[N. Y. Sun.]

In Sing Sing prison, yesterday, the writer talked with Edward S. Stokes, beginning with the question, "Have you received a telegram from Gov. Tilden, Mr. Stokes?"

"No. Why?" was Stokes' answer, as he turned quickly.

He was shown the following dispatch from Albany: "Governor Tilden, after examining the petition of Edward S. Stokes for pardon, has denied the application." He took the paper, and leaning toward the light, read the paragraph. His face, which had been of a sickly whiteness, turned to a feverish flush. After reading, he clutched the paper convulsively in his hands, and fell into silent despondency.

"Oh," he said, after a pause, "I should have heard it if it were so. There can be no truth in it."

He placed in the inner pocket of his striped jacket the first answer of his petition for a pardon, for which he has anxiously waited.

"Well, I don't know what to make of it," he added, gloomily: "my petition was presented January 5, 1875, over a year ago, and I have expected a decision every day. My poor father has traveled to Albany eight times for me; and Governor Tilden has been putting it off. It's too bad; too bad."—Here he broke down, and placing his head in his hands, he remained a while looking intently at the floor, with tears starting in his eyes. Soon he went back to the hospital to get some papers to explain the nature of his petition to the Governor. Upon returning, he seemed to have given vent to his emotion in his absence.

"What will you do now?" was asked.

"I shall leave everything to my counsel. I have intended, if the petition was not granted, to apply to the courts for relief, and leave this place on a writ of habeas corpus."

THE FIRST ENTERTAINMENT WITHOUT DISTINCTION OF RACE.

[Washington Letter in Chicago Tribune.]

This reminds me—as Mr. Lincoln would have said—of the first social entertainment here at which there was no distinction of color.—It was at Col. Forney's, when he was Secretary of the Senate, and there were present some 200 or more representative men, embracing the first talent of the metropolis.

In due time supper was announced, and the guests, after filling their plates at the well-supplied table, formed groups around the room to enjoy the good cheer. Several servants, dressed in black, of course, circulated about with bottles of champagne to fill the emptied glasses. Just then a veteran correspondent, thinking he saw one of these purveyors of good cheer near him, said, "My good fellow, won't you bring a bottle of wine here.—Our glasses are empty." "Saar!" said the person addressed, with great dignity—"I am Professor Vashon, of Howard University, and I believe that I am to have the pleasure of meeting you at dinner, at Senator Sumner's table to-morrow." The correspondent, who had lived here under *lancien regime*, was astonished, but made the best apology that he could. Since then, colored gentlemen are seen on the floors of the Senate and of the House, and at all public gatherings. But somehow their wives have never been welcomed into "society." It is really Mrs. Pinchbeck who excludes her husband from the Senate Chamber, so strong is the prejudice of *caste* even now. Curiously the Christian name of the swarthy Senator from Mississippi, Mr. Bruce, is *Blanche*.

THE TAX ON LEAF TOBACCO.

[Washington Republican.]

Ever since the internal revenue act of 1868 the people of the South have insisted upon being allowed to sell leaf tobacco in unlimited quantities, or in specified quantities, for consumption. Under the present law a producer of tobacco is not authorized to sell it in the leaf except to some licensed manufacturer or person designated in the law as competent to receive it. The consequence has been that no tobacco goes into consumption in the leaf. It is all manufactured into chewing tobacco, fine cut, cigars, smoking tobacco, or snuff. Even the scraps from the cigar manufactory are used by other cigar manufacturers, until all the material except the stems is consumed. In the South they have a way of rolling the leaf and chewing it without other manufacture. This is done on the plantations, but the planter is not allowed to sell it even to his neighbor. A number of members from Kentucky, Tennessee and Virginia insist upon the proposition that the producer be allowed to sell a hundred dollars' worth of leaf for consumption, and the Commissioner of Internal Revenue is very strongly opposed to it.

It is evident, from the tone of feeling in the House of Representatives, that they intend to pass a bill allowing a producer to sell one hundred dollars' worth of leaf tobacco for consumption, but, as sure as they do, it will be defeated by the Senate Finance Committee and the Senate, in both of which places it has been defeated before. It was the old rule to place no special tax upon the raw agricultural produce like cotton, hay, leaf tobacco, grain, garden vegetables, etc., etc. For two or three years there was a tax collected upon raw cotton, but it was repealed because it was contended to be no more just than would be a like tax upon hay and grain. The tax on leaf tobacco was several times defeated upon the same ground. It is considered by tobacco producers an exceptional tax or restriction upon sales of farm produce that is entirely indefensible.

"OLD RELIAABLE."

The first number of the new volume of the *American Farmer*, for 1876 is received, and is a capital one in every respect. The mass of practical information in every branch of agriculture, in this single number, is worth far more to any inquiring farmer who is anxious to improve his land and his condition, than the year's subscription. Space cannot be spared to enumerate the various papers offered in this initial number of the year; but the reports from the agricultural club and other meetings, of successful modes of farming, will be found of peculiar interest,—coming as they do from well-known practical farmers and horticulturists.—The number of correspondents of this old journal, as shown in the copy before us, is very large, and includes letters from France and Germany, and from many of our own States, all giving the most improved methods of farming within their bounds.—Published by Samuel Sands & Son, Baltimore, Md., at $1,50 per annum, or $1 for club of five or more. Specimen numbers will be forwarded when requested.

—They are pretty much all married off and with two or three conspicuous exceptions we'll have to wait until some more grown up before recording any more marriages.